RHAPSODIES.

A

POEM.

BOOK I.

Amicus PLATO, Amicus SOCRATES —— ſed magis
Amica Veritas. CICERO.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR.

MDCC LXVI.

[Price Half a Crown.]

[Price Half a Crown.]

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

LONDON:

AMICUS PLATO, AMICUS SOCRATES, sed magis

AMICUS VERITAS.

BOOK I.

POEM

ON

RHAPSODIES.

To the READER.

THE Author of the following Poem (extremely diffident of his own Judgement) offers it with all due Deference to the candic Public; and will form his Opinion of it from the Reception it may meet with there. Poets, like Philoſophers and Mechanics, are too frequently prejudiced in Favor of the Creatures of their own Brain—eſpecially of their Firſt-born—it is the Province of a more impartial World to rectify their Notions and wild Ideas concerning Excellence—Propriety—and the Fitneſs of Things.

They, who may do the Author the Honor of peruſing his Performance, are deſired to keep in Mind that as ſoon as a few more Books of this Work ſhall have been publiſhed (of which the preſent Book maketh but a ſmall Part) he purpoſeth enriching them with EXPLANATORY NOTES and OBSERVATIONS—until which Time, he humbly preſumeth to hope, no Perſon will paſs too haſty a Cenſure upon his Manner of treating particular Subjects or Characters.

There are a few of the Author's Friends, as well in Town as Country, who, if called upon, would readily teſtify their having heard the moſt Part of this Book, as well as ſome further RHAPSODIES, recited to them a great many Months ago. Many of them alſo know, the Work was advertiſed the laſt Spring under a different Title from what it beareth

at preſent.—Why it did not then make its Appearance—as alſo, why the original Deſign was altered he thinks himſelf ſomewhat accountable to them for.

They will pleaſe then to recollect that the Poem was heretofore intitled the *C********, from the intended Hero of it *C*****—who formerly lived in *C****-Street*, Weſt of *Temple-Bar*.—But what by the Interpoſition of common Friends, and what by the Importunity of ONE who had a Right to command the Author's Obedience; he has thought it incumbent upon him not only to ſuppreſs one whole Book, conſiſting of a Thouſand Lines—but likewiſe to diſguiſe the Title, as well as change the Plan of the Poem. Excepting the Satisfaction he feels from having conferred an Obligation upon one of the worthieſt of Men, by this Compliance of his, he can boaſt of no other Advantage or Reward accruing from it. For the Hero himſelf, ſo far from paying him the ſmall Tribute of Thanks for his Forbearance, hath ſince imprudently ſtated the whole Affair much to his Diſadvantage, to a moſt reſpectable Perſonage, a common Friend of theirs; who received the Author with a becoming *Sang Froid* until the Matter was properly cleared up. And yet, neglected as the Author has moſt aſſuredly been by the aboveſaid Gentleman, he hath the Hardineſs to aſſert that had the Poem made its Appearance either at a late Election, or ſhould it, unluckily, at any future one, it would not be ill received by his Antagoniſts—for not only the Friend who prevailed upon him to ſuppreſs it was pleaſed to approve of it, but many other Judges alſo to whom it was recited, antecedent to the Author's Promiſe of locking it up in his Cabinet.

He

He would further obſerve that neither private Regard, on the one Hand, nor private Pique on the other, could have induced him to undertake the following Performance. His Country's critical Situation alone hath ſtimulated him to it. Amongſt numberleſs other alarming Circumſtances, he had more than once beheld, true LOYALTY to the beſt of KINGS treated with an unbecoming Contempt and Effrontery: while Perſons, partly of dubious Principles, and partly of more avowed ones, had unaccountably wriggled themſelves into the moſt important Offices of State. An uninterrupted Courſe of miraculous Victories he beheld converted into as few ſolid national Advantages, as if they had been ſo many ſignal Defeats.

And amongſt Grievances of a ſomewhat different Nature, but ſimilar Tendency, he could not help remarking how ſeveral Perſons (of low and indigent Fortunes lately) were become on a ſudden the moſt opulent People in the Kingdom; ſo as to be capable of purchaſing Eſtates, without End—of procuring Seats in *Perpetuity* in the moſt venerable Senate upon Earth; and of bartering for Titles by which neither They nor their Forefathers were ever meant to be diſtinguiſhed. If, upon a diſpaſſionate Inquiry, ſuch Men ſhall be found to have acquired their Wealth with Honor and Integrity, the Muſe will endeavour to ſoar above herſelf, in order to do ſuch praiſe-worthy Gentlemen poetical Juſtice. But ſhould any one of them be found to have pillaged his Country, or even to have born too hard upon her Neceſſities, when ſhe was at the laſt Gaſp, he may be aſſured that neither Fortune, Titles, P—y Intereſt, nor high Connexions, ſhall ſcreen him from her juſt Indignation.

The

The Author aſks Permiſſion to add, that although he ſhall ever ſet an high Value upon the Commendations of diſcrete Perſons, yet he ſhall treat the Encomiums of the Ignorant, and the Cenſures of the Enraged, with the ſame ſilent Indifference. There is a certain Clan which hath aſſumed a preſcriptive Right to paſs what Opinion they ſhall think proper upon any Performance whatſoever; and it would be unreaſonable to wiſh them diveſted of that Privilege—for muſt not People eat?—It might therefore be deemed highly inſolent in the Author of the following Rhapſodies, ſhould he preſume to expect any partial Treatment from ſuch uſeful Surveyors of Literature and Genius. And when he recollects, moreover, his having hung out in one Line the Initials of Five notorious Perſons, his Apprehenſions of being totally overlooked by ſome one of them, vaniſh in a Moment. For there is a *Genus irritabile* of Critics, as well as Poets; and ſuch muſt the Author expect to find them, if haply he ſhall be found to merit their Strictures. Fortunate indeed ſhould he have eſteemed himſelf, could he with equal Propriety have made as honourable Mention of them, in Capitals, as he there means to reflect upon their Characters, as Fellow-Citizens. The firſt of this memorable Groupe is undoubtedly in Poſſeſſion of ſome maſterly Qualities, otherwiſe a Perſonage of irreproachable Character himſelf, would never have entruſted Things of a moſt intereſting, as well as National Concern to him. But until he ſhall think proper to diſavow, in as public a Manner as he hath broached certain Political, as well as Religious Tenets, he muſt not wonder if he finds himſelf now and then animadverted upon in Print. The ſecond, too, hath ſufficiently convinced the World of his Abilities as a Writer, in more Styles than one: and would he but endeavour to explain the Words *Abdi-*

cate

cate and *Exciſe* in a Manner more conſiſtent with the Author's Notions of Rectitude and Preciſion, he promiſeth this ſhall be the laſt tranſient Laſh (as it is the firſt) he will ever preſume to give him.

The third Hero hath greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the literary World, as an Hiſtorian——a Biographer——and a Tranſlator: therefore the Moment he ſhall have eraſed certain J********** Principles out of his more ſerious Performances, that Moment the RHAPSODIST will be proud to go "Hand in Hand with him in Song."

As for the fourth, He was guilty of ſuch a Piece of Inſolence, and ſuch a Breach of good Manners at the Time when he obtruded his Hyperſatirical Stuff upon the Public—He was, moreover, guilty of ſuch a Soleciſm in Politics, ſince that memorable Period, by accepting of a Court-Penſion (Thanks to his Right Honorable Paymaſter) after having moſt unmercifully handled his Betters for only doing the ſame Thing; that it is utterly impoſſible his own Conſcience can ever acquit his bad Heart of numberleſs atrocious Calumnies; much leſs muſt he expect to be treated with Lenity by a more impartial Obſerver.

The laſt of this curious Collection is acknowledged by good Judges to have real Merit, in the Capacity of a *Theoretical* Phyſician. Why then would he venture to ſtep out of his proper Sphere of Contemplation, purpoſely to expoſe himſelf to the Ridicule of all good and faithful Subjects? Why (for Loyalty's Sake) would he perſiſt to inculcate, thro' the Courſe of Six ſubſequent LETTERS, a Sett of Heterodox

Maxims into the Minds of a ſteddy, patriotic People?—— Preparatory, too, to an Event which none but the rankeſt JACOBITES, and moſt profligate Bankrupts wiſhed to ſee crowned with Succeſs!

R H A-

RHAPSODIES.

BOOK I.

SUNT LACRUMÆ RERUM.—— VIRG.

THRICE * bluſhing PHOEBUS hath forſook the Eaſt;
Thrice hath he veil'd his Bluſhes in the Weſt;
Since zealous *Britons*, by good Grandams nurſt,
Abſolv'd their annual Rites to ***** *** *****:
Since His was term'd Sagacity divine,
That pointed out the Sulphur-pregnant Mine:
The Mine! that in a Moment might have hurl'd
**** ***** *** ******* from this upper World.

A And

* The candid Reader will overlook the ſeeming Impropriety of this Exordium after being informed, the Poem was to have made its Appearance between the Fifth of *November* laſt and his late Majeſty's Birth-Day, had not an irreparable National Loſs, ſuſtained by the Death of his Royal Highneſs the Duke of CUMBERLAND, put a temporary Stop to its Publication.

And well, we deem, He merits all the Praiſe
Of grave Hiſtorians, and poetic Lays,
Whoſe Penetration warded off the Blow
Premeditated by a reſtleſs Foe:
Whoſe Arms, like SAMPSON's, would have burſt the Chains
Forg'd by the Devil in a Bigot's Brains.

But ſhall He want no Interceſſor's Pray'r
Who the rank pois'ning SOMERSETS durſt ſpare,
Yet RALEIGH ſacrific'd to GONDOMAR?
He! whom Suſpicions blacken with the Crime
Of loſt MARCELLUS in his Manhood's Prime.
He! that unmov'd beheld the wreckleſs Fate
Of the forlorn, reform'd *Palatinate*;
Yet BABBY CHARLES and haughty STENNY ſent
On a Fool's Errand to the Continent!
A **** whoſe ſole Ambition was to ſhine—
A Conqu'ror? No. What then? A School Divine!
A **** who plagu'd to Death the beſt of Men, †
For having pos'd him with his learned Pen.
Who when Great BACON (led aſide by Pelf)
Like a faln Angel ſunk beneath himſelf,
Permitted him to languiſh long at Home,
Or e'er he deign'd to mitigate his Doom.

† *Vorſtius.*

Soon

Soon as the Sun hath wheel'd the circling Year,
And *January*'s mournful Nones appear,
Then courtly Pulpits, hung with ſolemn Black,
Shall force our Tears, and bring our Sorrows back.
Sorrows! for having ſhed the Blood of Him
Whoſe Bane was HAMPDEN—whoſe Accuſer PYM—
Whoſe Ghoſtly Father LAUD—whoſe Earthly Guide
A VILLIERS—and a Vice-Roy at his Side,
Who puſh'd him headlong againſt Wind and Tide.

But when loud Peals ſhall uſher in the Day:
The great—the glorious Twenty-ninth of ***,
(To *Britain*'s Laws, and *Britain*'s Liberty
As fatal; CÆSAR, as thine Ides to Thee)
How ſadly, R**** Exile, ſhall we mourn
Thy Wandrings, and exult for thy Return!
Thou! who by *France*, for ſelfiſh Ends, careſs'd,
Didſt learn her Creed; and, to complete the Jeſt,
Panders, and Prieſts, and graceleſs Wits, and Whores
From thence imported, with her Laws, by Scores.

Amid ſuch Joy and Grief, and Joy again;
Such Sunſhine-Show'rs of Smiles and fancy'd Pain:

Say,

Say, GEORGE triumphant—Second of the Name—
Are there ſtill found that would ſuppreſs Thy Fame?
That would the Bard with ſcornful Looks ſurvey,
Who dar'd to conſecrate Thy Natal Day?
Auſpicious Day! that gave, as Heav'n deſign'd,
A ſecond TITUS to delight Mankind.

What though no SETTLED FORM proclaim Thy Praiſe;
No fragrant Incenſe on Thine Altars blaze,
For *France* exhauſted, and for *Spain* undone;
For Heav'n fought *Minden*—for *Culloden* won:
Yet may we hail Thee true, and juſt, and brave;
And ſnatch Thy Virtues from Oblivion's Grave.

O lov'd of Angels! and rever'd of Men!
May Truth like Thine direct thy Bardling's Pen:
May the ſame Majeſty inſpire his Lines,
As in Thy Life's illuſtrious Tenor ſhines.
Mayſt Thou—ſhould gracious Heav'n permit—look down
With pitying Eyes on Kingdoms once thine own.
If mortal Things can raiſe Thy Joy or Hate;
If Tears can move to ſave a ſinking State;
Incline propitious from the ſtarry Realm,
And view the Pilots at *Britannia*'s Helm.

See Wire-drawn Puppets danc'd through thick and thin!
Old WHIGS turn'd out! old J******** brought in!
H***! J*******! S*******! PAUL! and thee, S********,
Who ſhouldſt long ſince have bark'd without an Ear.
See S********* void of Honor as of Senſe,
With MAGNA CHARTA's hallow'd Rights diſpenſe!
Blank Warrants, iſſu'd in the Dead of Night,
Like Ghoſts afraid to ſtand the Shock of Light!
A WRESTLER, by his boſom Friend betray'd—
Seiz'd! try'd! expell'd! undone! yet undiſmay'd!
Behold Thy Nurs'lings, erſt by Thee careſs'd,
For Want of Repreſentatives oppreſs'd.
Hear ſtubborn STAMPER, with an heated Brain
An old *Ægyptian* Paradox maintain!
Two Brothers view ſtill triumphing in Place,
To their own Wonder, and Mankind's Diſgrace.
NIGER, whom joyful News from *Preſton-Pans*
As much tranſported as the Highland Clans:
Who dar'd to grin, and with a pluming Look
Expung'd his Name from the Subſcription-Book.
PARCUS, who ſtruggled hard (he beſt knew why)
For Rebels, ſentenc'd by their ***** to die.

See ******, fraught with High-Church, Low-Church Stuff,
At Random grope, like Boys, at Blindman's Buff.
Hear him, with Sacerdotal Warmth proclaim
His own choice Maxims, in a borrow'd Name—
" The Pow'rs that are, are Pow'rs ordain'd of GOD;
" And let them rule you with an Iron Rod,
" Ye muſt ſubmit and tremble at their Nod."

See fawning ******* (faln from Heavenly Grace,
And puſhing foremoſt in his earthly Race)
Two Nephews joſtles and a Niece runs down,
To raiſe a Bantling—a beſpatter'd Son.

Hark! how VERBOSUS entertains his Gueſts
With his own Anecdotes—or MILLER's Jeſts.
A punning Story-Teller—a Beau NASH—
As void of Sentiment! as full of Traſh.
Hark! how he drawls his ſtale Divinity
With TOM of *Lincoln*'s dull Monotony.
He! that through good N*********'* Fault was plac'd
On L*******'* Throne—with richer ***** grac'd,
For curſing Him who, ſhamefully let down,
Hath ſunk his Fortune to ſupport — ——!

Thou

Thou friendly THORNTON, at whoſe plenteous Board
This Wretch hath revel'd like a pamper'd Lord;
Behold thy BENJAMIN, at His Requeſt,
Dubb'd as he was unwillingly a Prieſt!
Behold him (from thy foſt'ring Boſom rent,
And to his Flock, the LORD knows whither, ſent)
Like JACOB's ſelf through ſanguine Hopes betray'd,
When faithleſs LABAN broke his Promiſe made.
Perſiſt, howe'er, though robb'd of Virtue's Meed,
To ſhew thyſelf an *Iſraelite* indeed.
Still let thine Hoſpitality be ſeen—
Angels may come where THOMASSINS have been.

See an audacious falſifying Wight,
Devoid of Candor and of Truth to write.
See how he darts his venom'd Shafts around,
And treads with baneful Steps on Holy Ground.
Whom *Church* and ****, and *Britain*'s dying Laws,
Tamely behold ſupporting SATAN's Cauſe!
Whom ISIS, in her very Shrine, deſcries
A rav'nous Vulture pecking at her Eyes!
Whilſt LONGITUDINARIANS adjudge
Ten Thouſand Pounds 'gainſt thine Opinion, MUDGE,

To

To HARRISON——what hath poor TILLARD gain'd—
Or NEVE—or RIDLEY, for the Faith maintain'd?
RIDLEY—Bleſs'd Name! The Reformation's Pride!
For which his venerable Kinſman dy'd.
Shall retrograding EXON's ****** prove
How the blind Goddeſs proſtitutes her Love;
Or ſhall a Churl unſtigmatiz'd be ſeen,
Who ſaints a Traitor, and unſaints a Queen—
And muſt Their Works, their only cold Reward,
Bound, gilt, and letter'd, ſtand in PAUL's Church-Yard!
Muſt They, midſt crouding Prieſts, be poſted there
To raiſe the JESUIT's Laugh and FRYAR's Sneer?

Pardon, dread Monarch, when a Meteor's Gleam
Makes the Muſe widely wander from her Theme.
She aſks thy Firmneſs in her devious Way—
Thy Rays to guide her when ſhe goes aſtray.

But ſhould MUROENA blaſt Thine aching Sight,
At ****** ſquinting from the Ladder's Height;
Thou'lt find him rob'd in ſpotleſs Ermine Skin
Round a Sheep's Cloathing, and a Wolf within.
With hood-wink'd Eyes, and ſuch a meaning Frown
As well may knock the ſtouteſt J*R*RS down.

His

His two-edg'd Tools at awful Diſtance ſtand—
YHAHOO and STENTOR, with their Creed in Hand.
That cramm'd with CIVIL—this with COMMON LAW—
(For this the CHANC'RY ſaw, and only ſaw.)
STENTOR! who, though long ſince retain'd, will be
On this and that Side, for a double Fee.
STENTOR! that others falſely dares to tell,
"Where He an Inch invades—YORKE ſtrides an Ell."
Whoſe Innuendoes (could they ought avail)
The STEWART's Tyranny would re-entail;
Would the Star-Chamber's black Tribunal bring—
All—"EX OFFICIO"— to deſtroy — ———
While crafty YHAHOO Truth with Falſehood blends
In Terms inexplicable, for bad Ends;
While, to ſubvert our Liberties, he grants
More than the moſt deſpotic Tyrant wants;
The bolder STENTOR ſtrikes at Root and Branch,
And dares—becauſe he dares—his Veſſel launch
In troubled Waters, and puts out to Sea;
As Smugglers in a Storm to land their Tea.

Should CLIO ſing of ſomething ſtrange and new;
Truſt her, MUROENA, what ſhe ſings is true.

When, with peculiar Elegance of Style,
And Words that might an Angel's ſelf beguile,
Thou gav'ſt (though ſomewhat groſsly) ****** his Due
In Praiſe—in Honor—and in Worſhip too:
STENTOR thine Imp was heard to ſwear aloud—
" LYE firſt—LYE ſecond—and LYE third, by G**."

See an Empyric, who when Feuds perplex
His ***** ******* and Diſſentions vex,
Won't cry—" Thoſe Ills, wouldſt thou the Probe endure,
A PITT might conquer—and a CAMDEN cure."
See an ANTONIUS MUSA thruſt behind;
The beſt Reſtorer of a jaundic'd Mind:
He that hath fathom'd Nature's hidden Laws,
And trac'd Diſeaſes from Effects to Cauſe.
Who, but Soul-piercing ERASISTRATUS,
Could rouſe the STRATONIZ'D ANTIOCHUS?

See how H******* droops her wither'd Head!
H*******! trampled on—for SWIFT is dead.
H*******! Nurſe of Warriors—Nurſe of Thoſe
Who durſt a Tyrant, though a King, oppoſe—
Mother of Saints! that did to Day-light bring
Tranſcendant USHER, moralizing KING—
KING!

KING! how unlike that other of the Name,
Like ISIS idoliz'd, to O*****'* Shame?
The blameleſs SYNGE, who breathes through ev'ry Page
Celeſtial Comforts to a ſinful Age.
LELAND, the DEISTS' Rod—from HERBERT down
To MALLETT'S BAAL—and to POPE'S SAINT JOHN.
H******! ſaddled, to her Coſt and Grief,
With P****** for the W**** the Kn**** the T****!
H******! ſound of Limb, but ſick at Heart!
Condemn'd, though guiltleſs, like a Jade to ſmart.
While artificial Famine rears its Head,
And the Poor murmurs for his daily Bread,
Her Step-Mother humane vouchſafes to take
Her cheaper Viands for her Childrens' Sake:
But ſhould gay Plenty re-aſſume its Face;
Nor Butter—Beef—nor Pork—muſt hither paſs.
That ſhe may melt—theſe, ſimmer into Shreds—
They'll ſerve to fatten her Potatoe-Beds.

Ariſe, bleſt ARBITER, in Freedom's Cauſe;
Still Guardian Angel o'er Thy *Britain*'s Laws:
Teach us the Way—if any Way remains—
To burſt our Bonds, and caſt away our Chains.

Convene

Convene thy faithful MINISTERS of old:
Thy PRELATES, JUDGES, SOLDIERS, SAILORS bold:
Nor may an humbler Vot'ry want a Place;
With Soul Seraphic, and a Cherub's Face.

With what a Tranſport glowing in her Breaſt,
Shall the rapt MUSE, their Harbinger and Teſt,
Record them gath'ring round their Monarch's Throne,
As the Mind's Eye ſurveys them one by one!

Thine ATLANTEAN WALPOLE ſwift repairs,
On whom ſecurely thou ſhalt reſt thy Cares.
Nor loiters PEMBROKE, nobly free, behind,
Whoſe bright Eye ſhines the Mirrour of his Mind.
RICHMOND ſucceeds, the comely, the benign:
Him truſty GRAFTON, void of dark Deſign.
Plain, honeſt DEV'NSHIRE, and his injur'd Son—
Nor this nor that in Loyalty outdone—
With the ſame Ardor to Thy Summons ſpring,
As did their Sire to make Thy Father KING.

And now a Group, by ſtrongeſt Impulſe led,
Forward advance with PELHAM at their Head.

PELHAM

PELHAM the Good! with patriotic Zeal
Watchful as ARGUS o'er his Country's Weal.
Blunt HORACE, deeply ſkill'd in Men and Things:
KEENE, ever welcome to the beſt of Kings—
Brother of Him that durſt ARMAGH refuſe,
Yet longs to ſtep into good ELY's Shoes.
Stil let him knock at MAWSON's bolted Door,
And gape and kick 'til CHESTER is no more.
Repentant HARRINGTON, with timid Feet
And falt'ring Accents would his Maſter greet—
Stretch forth thine Hand, anticipate his Fears;
Accept his Services of Forty Years.
WEST, ris'n indeed! ſage W******—florid *****
On whoſe ſoft Accents lull'd Attention hung.
Great were his Vices, his Corruption foul;
Enough to damn a leſs tormented Soul:
But CHRIST, in Pity of his Pangs on Earth,
Benignly ſanctify'd his ſecond Birth—
An * unbelieving **** (for once) could ſave
And reſcue whom ſhe haſten'd to the Grave.

* ESSEX and KENT her Deeds of Darkneſs know:
For KENT and ESSEX are her Darlings now.

Triumph-

* The Author not only thinks proper to throw the following Character out of the Thread of his Poem—as being too prolix—but ſolemnly declares, moreover, that the Moment he is informed there is any material Circumſtance in it derogatory from Truth; he will eraſe the whole with more Pleaſure, than he inſerted it.

W******, thy Life's whole Intercourſe was weigh'd
In Scales unſought for by diſhoneſt Trade.
JUSTICE did here with MERCY temper'd ride:
Thy GOOD and BAD were on the falling Side.
Thee the SUPREME had form'd in fineſt Mold;
Had mixt thy plaſtic Clay with Duſt of Gold;

Had

Triumphant here and there, ſhe loves to roam——
Of Fame regardleſs, and the World to come——
Rich Widows hunts on purpoſe to devour,
And hugs the Devil in a Golden Show'r——
Heart-broken S****** ſoothes with Adder's Tongue
(As rankly poiſon'd, and as glibly hung)
Her Friends—e'en EGERTON turns out of Door——
Models her WILL——compares it o'er and o'er;
And, ſoon as Death hath ſeal'd poor S******'* Eyes,
It ſhe unſeals, and while ſhe reads it cries
HYENA's Tears——and heaves a Groan from *Styx*,
To find herſelf left SOLE EXECUTRIX.
Strait (as a wither'd Witch her Broom beſtrides)
She mounts her Palfrey, and to P******** rides—
Her, ſhe had wrong'd, conſoles with ſmother'd Laugh—
Guts half the Houſe, and ſquints at t'other Half——
Winds through the Woods, and numbers ev'ry Tree,
Leſt others prove——what they can never be.

Ye hapleſs Beeches! all condemn'd to feel
The barb'rous Woodman's unrelenting Steel;
Where late ye rear'd, high o'er the Mountain's Brow,
Your tow'ring Creſts ſhall deadly NIGHTSHADE grow.

Ye

Had brighteſt Parts infus'd, and Judgment ſound,
While Elocution ſpake thy Senſe profound.
Yet what were all thoſe Gifts, but vain Pretence;
Thy Parts; thy Judgment; Elocution; Senſe;
What, but a ſplendid Nothing, flow'd from thence?

To

Ye troubled Streams! ye Groves with Mourning hung,
Where SACHARISSA rang'd while WALLER ſung——
Ye Lawns where PHOEBUS ſelf was wont to ſtray,
And many a SIDNEY chant his Roundelay——
Ye Meads, where PHILIP his firſt Rapture caught,
And you his Theme a new ARCADIA wrought——
Steams noxious—Hemlock—Toads ſhall you infeſt,
And rankling Vipers in your Bowels neſt.

But ye, LEICESTRIAN Chiefs of high Renown;
Born to protect, not idolize the Crown——
By EDWARDS—HENRYS—and ELIZA lov'd——
As Gold refin'd the oftner ye were prov'd——
See your proud Manſion (Gift of Kings) the Prey
Of a curſt Hag unworthy of the Day!

Still is there—ſtrange to tell—within the Park,
One ſolitary Oak without her Mark.
And why? 'tis hollow as her rotten Teeth;
Though not infectious like her baneful Breath—
Planted when LESTER's God-like Son was born;
His Country's Darling, and the STEWART's Scorn——
Whoſe Works immortal Diabolic Times
And W**—— INFORMERS tortur'd into Crimes.

Know,

To thee, fond Man, were richeſt Talents lent
To clog, or eaſe the Wheels of Government?
But that the Muſe hath ta'en a loftier Flight,
And ſhap'd her Pinions to the Realms of Light,
She'd ſing how W******'* ſelf, when ſowr'd with Leav'n
Of Wrath and Malice, was unfit for Heav'n:

How

Know, recreant CHARLES—know all thine helliſh Crew,
From graceleſs WILMOT, down to KILLIGREW——
" When ſpotleſs ALGERNOON a Victim bled,
" 'Twas then a real MARTYR loſt his Head."

O! that a ſecond SIDNEY's Blood might ſtaunch
BRITANNIA's Wounds——how gayly would he launch
Into the barbed Caſk, and die with Thee,
Bleſt REGULUS, to leave his Country free!

But feels VULTURIA no Remorſe, nor Shame——
No ſharp Compunctions—is ſhe ſtill the ſame?
She is! Come, SATAN; take this Chriſtian *Jew*—
(For who would rob the Devil of his Due?)
Or teach the Trunk, with her rank Carcaſs full,
To rival, PHALARIS, thy brazen Bull.
There let her bellow——laughing Crowds the while
Shall ſkip and dance around her Fun'ral Pile.

Thou her Firſt-born, who Friends and Foes aver
Haſt nought in common but a Name with Her—
Canſt thou with Honor, and a Conſcience free,
Enjoy what Heav'n could never mean for Thee?
Or wilt thou greatly to the Nieces grant
What thy vile ****** wheedled from their Aunt?

How while the Scales, ſtill tott'ring underneath,
Big with his Fate, portended Life or Death;
His *** with Steps *preciptate* appear'd——
With open Palm, and with a Conſcience ſear'd:
In Him ſuch complicated Guilt was found,
Who underwrote for *Twenty Thouſand Pound*;
God ſav'd the Sire that err'd through Principle,
And ſpurn'd his Offspring to the Gates ** ****

Granville appears, the Friend and Patron too
Of Learning's Brow-beat, deſolated Crew.
A Scaliger in Tongues—a Polyglot—
Who learnt all Languages, and none forgot.
Legge the refin'd, the commendably nice;
As warm in Freedom's Cauſe, as Foe to Vice—
No Trimmer He! nor would he lend his Name
To load his Country, and gloſs o'er its Shame.
Barnard, to Thee moſt true—without one Stain—
Good Harrison, thyſelf not more humane.
Staunch Irwin urges on his quicken'd Pace,
With Sev'n firm Brethren—Rivals in the Race.
Long the ſtill Comforts of a Country Life
Woo'd him ſecluded from the World of Strife—

Long did he cloathe the Naked—long his Door
Op'd an Aſylum to the crouding Poor.

But ſee, Great GEORGE, Thy Mitred Seers attend
On Thee their Safeguard, and their Church's Friend.
Serene their Features as the *May-Day* Dawn:
Their Conſcience ſpotleſs as their ſpotleſs Lawn.
(Mean while Thy Second-Self—Thy CAROLINE—
Paſt Ties diſſolv'd, intuitively Thine;
Sequeſter'd with Her WATERLAND and CLARKE,
And WHISTON, too, no longer in the Dark,
Adores the Godhead bright'ning to Her View,
And finds the Doctrines which they taught Her true.)

Meek, humble, ſtedfaſt WORSTER firſt appears;
The firſt in Wiſdom, and the firſt in Years:
HOUGH, baſely ſtript of his Collegiate Charge:
For HOUGH's like upright CONWAY's Soul was large.
HOUGH, that unſhaken durſt a King withſtand
When King and Bigotry went Hand in Hand.

Like Innocence; like Manners; like true Love
With the ſame Zeal made learned SMALRIDGE move.

Bleſt

Bleſt Matrons! that to ſuch a Pair gave Birth:
Pair *untranſlated*—but to Heav'n from Earth.
Bleſt Isis! that didſt nurſe in Days of Yore,
(Days! truly golden—chang'd to Leaden Ore)
Such hopeful Sons as might have had more Charms
In thy neglected, loyal Siſter's Arms!
O! how unlike the P******* of theſe Days,
Who leave their rugged Paths for ſmoother Ways.
With what a godly Sorrow muſt they view
Their Croſiers wav'd by ſuch a motley Crew!
Worster's, by Taurus firſt; by Vacca next;
A Trimmer That! This ſteddy to his Text.
Gloster's, by Him whoſe undulating Brow
Proves Taurus was what W******** is now.
Theſe Butler follows, Chandler'd *Durham*'s Seer;
Who warm'd the Heart, and caught the liſt'ning Ear.
Him Winton, ever ſtedfaſt; ever true—
The Dædalus of Crontroverſy's Clue!
Hoadley! to whom Christ did his Rites reveal,
In Oppoſition to miſtaken Zeal:
Taught him from myſtic Frenzy to releaſe
Deluded Saints, and give them inward Peace.
Blackburne, by none but Jacobites revil'd
When Loyalty to Thee was Treaſon ſtyl'd.

Bleſt Change! when Y***, without or Grief or Rage
Can view a LASCELLES, and an ARMYTAGE—
Bleſt! while ſhe ſees the God-like SAVILE's Fame
Wing'd from the Skies, and caught by ROCKINGHAM.
HERRING, Thy Zealot: SHERLOCK, born to ſhine
Civilian, Stateſman, Lawyer, and Divine.
HAYTER to him ſucceeds, as erſt below,
When conſecrated in thy Temple, BOWE.
HAYTER! fit Succeſſor to SHERLOCK's See;
Whom SHERLOCK left his own Epitomé
Whoſe Reveries—whoſe ſcatter'd Thoughts could raiſe
To J*NK*N*N a laſting Fund of Praiſe—
Whom brighteſt Talents—whom thy People's Voice—
Applauding Senates, and their Monarch's Choice
Call'd forth aloud to form thy G******'* Mind,
And ſtamp him the Delight of Human-Kind.
Had his wiſe Precepts been by B*** untaught;
Or ſhould they e'er (kind Heav'n avert the Thought)
What Man ſo loſt but muſt our Fate bemoan!
What Heart ſo harden'd, but an Heart of STONE?

Say, Muſe, what Being that which intermixt
With Seraphims, its Eyes on GEORGE hath fixt,

And

And darts obſequious to his Monarch's Call;
Bright as a blazing Star that ſeems to fall?
Hail, WILSON, hail! and from thy Shrine deſcend;
MANN's Prelate, Father, Counſellor, and Friend.
What though no pompous Form inſtall'd Thee there;
No Royal Mandate with a "*Conge d'Elire*;"
Yet doſt thou ſit as high enthron'd as thoſe
Adown whoſe Beards the ſacred Unction flows.
There doſt thou ſee thine HASTINGS Face to Face,
(Regenerated—purify'd by Grace)
Seeſt her array'd in all her Virgin Pride;
Her glorious Virgin-Siſters by her Side!
YOUNG, ASHTON, HARVEY, BAKER, DODRIDGE, HALE,
Whoſe Love Divine ſhall Myriads avail—
Whoſe Lives, like thine, reluctant Vice approves:
As Serpents wiſe—as innocent as Doves:
Theſe, with mellifluous SEED, requeſt thine Hand;
Abaſh'd before their awful Sire to ſtand.

Behold Thy Miniſters of Juſtice next:
Unprejudic'd—unbiaſs'd—unperplext.
TALBOT and RAYMOND firſt; not leſs renown'd
For Depth of Knowledge, than for Judgment ſound.

COMYNS, bright COMYNS—Oracle of Laws—
His Voice deciſive in the darkeſt Cauſe.
BURNET (Great SARUM's Son, the STEWART's Scourge,
Who liv'd to hail a WILLIAM, ANNA, GEORGE)
Whoſe ſolid Senſe was crown'd with Attic Wit:
Mild BURNET! form'd on Mercy's Seat to ſit.
Clear-ſighted STRANGE: WILLES the dire Harpy's Dread:
LEE, wiſely diffident, and deeply red:
Ingenuous CLARKE: fame-ſated DENISON,
Example rare! or e'er his Thread was ſpun:
RIDER, whate'er ARCHILOCHUS may write,
Nathleſs tranſported to the Realms of Light,
In Fame's full Luſtre, and in Rancor's Spight.
HARDWICK the Juſt, the Incorrupt, the Wiſe;
Bleſt with cool Head, warm Heart, diſcerning Eyes.
Theſe haſte to weigh thy Councils, and to prove
What was their Duty is become their Love.

And now Thy Martial Sons aſſemble round,
As when arouz'd by the ſhrill Trumpet's Sound.
Lamented CLAYTON, whom if Heav'n had ſpar'd,
He might with fearleſs CUMBERLAND have ſhar'd

Thy

Thy Laurels, SAXE—GOD purpos'd otherwiſe,
And wafted him from *Font'noy* to the Skies.
Thou too, fam'd STAIR, Ambaſſador renown'd;
Not leſs a FABIUS than a CÆSAR found:
Yet if thou didſt thy Royal Maſter dare
To curb and check him in his mid Career,
Wert thou a MARLBRO' hope not to enjoy
Celeſtial Bleſſings without ſome Alloy.
Fain, J****, with thy Catamite wouldſt thou
Emerge, but canſt not from the Lake below:
Clinch'd in th' offending Part with laſting Hold
By rank ASMODEUS Sodomite of old.
KER, MONRO, GARDNER, all ordain'd to bleed
By their own Countrymen beyond the *Tweed*.
Ah! what avail'd their Loyalty and Zeal
For Thee their Sov'reign, and their Country's Weal;
While GOD permitted, for His own wiſe Ends,
Succeſsful Monſters, and rebellious Fiends?
Forgotten GUEST, who bravely kept at Bay
A Savage Hoſt, and conquer'd by Delay.
CATHCART and DOUGLAS, ſacrific'd to Fame
Through the ſhort Sunſhine of a VERNON's Name.
Mild HUSKE;—ſtern HAWLEY, taught at laſt to know
What dire Miſhaps from Inattention flow.

BLAND,

BLAND, to GIBRALTAR haſten'd by Thyſelf
To heal the Sores of a blood-ſucking Elf.
BLYTH, by a brave Enthuſiaſt miſled—
And braver ******** without an Head.
Ill-fated FOWKE, diſcarded and diſgrac'd
For Circumſpection and for Care miſplac'd.
Orders repugnant, or miſunderſtood,
His Judgment puzzled, but his Heart was good.
See how Thine amiable GRANDSON cheers
The worn-out Soldier in the Vale of Years!
See how He props him in his ſad Decline,
And rigid Juſtice ſmoothes by Clemency Divine!
The dauntleſs MARLBRO, form'd for ſocial Life,
And Bliſs domeſtic with his Friends and Wife.
Weſtphalian Vapours, and a noxious Air
Abortive render'd e'en a CLIFTON's Care:
Grim Death his Spoils away in Triumph bears,
Regardleſs of an Army's manly Tears.
Eight Months of Mourning did their Souls annoy;
GRANBY COMMANDED AND THEIR GRIEF WAS JOY.
HOWE, by a Cannibal's unerring Dart
Pierc'd through his dauntleſs, but unguarded Heart!—
Form'd

Form'd to command—created to repair
A BRADDOCK's Raſhneſs, and a *******'* Fear.
HOWE! Good HOWE's Offspring, Brother firſt of thoſe
Whoſe Souls magnanimous ſhall ſtill oppoſe
Their Country's Traitors, and chaſtiſe her Foes.
Say, waſt thou ſacrific'd in Manhood's Prime,
A guiltleſs Victim for another's Crime?
For His who dar'd adviſe to ſend thee o'er,
A plighted Hoſtage to a faithleſs Shore?

DOWNE, MANLOVE, COURTNEY, DAVENPORT, MACLEAN,
Of Rank inglorious, but in Action keen.
The blooming TOWNSHENDS brave and true and juſt;
Too ſoon condemn'd to welter in the Duſt!
So Flow'rs tranſplanted from a richer Soil,
A while reward their anxious Maſter's Toil;
'Til nipt by chilling Cold, or Eaſtern Blaſt,
They ſhrink, fade, wither, and they drop at laſt!

WOLFE, from a Warrior ſprung true *Engliſh*, bleſt
With military Talents o'er the reſt.
Pointed with Eyes LYNCEAN to deſcry
Or Danger diſtant, or Advantage nigh.

Skill'd, an impenetrable Veil to throw
Around his Schemes, 'till he had ſtruck the Blow—
To counteract an Enemy's Deſigns,
And ſpring his travers'd Mines by Countermines—
Has fixt Thy Standard on the ſteep Rock's Verge,
While Scouts report him ſtruggling with the Surge.
With what a pleaſing Rapture and Amaze
The wond'ring Sire his matchleſs Son ſurveys!
See how his Conſort, deckt with heav'nly Charms,
Tearfully ſmiling hails him to her Arms!
Thou too didſt ſhed, at his relentleſs Doom,
Tears ſuch as DAVID's for his ABSALOM!
Ere he could claſp his lovely Fair, he bled,
And Honor's Matraſs was his nuptial Bed!

Well-nigh, neglected ********, had thy Days
With WOLFE's been number'd—as ſhall be thy Praiſe.
Well-nigh hadſt thou His Bliſs ecſtatic known,
Who conqu'ring dy'd, and dy'd without a Groan.
There where (like SCHWERIN) in the topmoſt Front
Of his firm Troops he nobly ſtood the Brunt
Of deſperate MONTCALM, diſt thou ſucceed;
And, through thy Lungs tranſpierc'd, unconquer'd bleed.

Scarce

Scarce had thy mighty Deeds the Thanks obtain'd
Of grateful Senators, unbrib'd, unſtain'd,
When a vile DRANCES conjures up from Hell
Dark Lyes againſt thee, which he fears to tell.
At length grown bolder, while his Liver burns
With Wrath, with Malice, and with Rage by Turns,
Th' Aſſaſſin dares that Honor to arraign,
Which, unſolicited, thy Friends ſuſtain.
Thou by thy Peers, a Court ſelect, art try'd;
When faltring DRANCES, by himſelf bely'd,
Leaves Thee triumphant, and more blameleſs too,
Than when thou robb'ſt the Gibbet of its Due.
Thee (by thine honorable Gaſhes ſmit)
Th' indignant *Areopagites* acquit—
And yet, thy ******** ſmother'd! as if meant
To gratify ſome Villain's Diſcontent—
Twice eight long Days—twice eight long Nights to ſigh
In black Solicitude, thou knewſt not why!
Is this thy Recompence, thine Honors theſe,
For Feats *Herculean* 'croſs the Weſtern Seas!
For Poverty entail'd! for ſhatter'd Health!
For Scorn of Plunder! for Contempt of Wealth!
Ungrateful Courts the Conqueror may leave
Of BEAU-SEJOUR—of MARTINIQUE—and grieve,

With

With B******, that he conquer'd half ſo much:
But ſhall not His conſummate Labors touch
His Countrymen who ſtill are free, and ſtrive
To ſhew ſome Sparks of Gratitude alive?
Boroughs from *Dover* down to *Berwick* void,
Have ne'er by ſplendid Promiſes decoy'd
Our Hero thither—Wonder not, my Friend;
C*****—P*rts—and S**—P*rts muſt to *London* ſend,
Whene'er commanded, the dependent Wretch,
That can't his Neck beyond his Collar ſtretch.

Reſolve us, CLIO, for the ********'* Sake—
Who was this bluſtring Fellow that durſt take
A Lion by the Beard?—What was he call'd?
Was he tenth Couſin of old *********?
Of ARCHY! who conſum'd his Lamp of Life
In culling *China* for his Left-Hand Wife?
In buying Knick-Knacks—Pendulums—and Clocks—
Aerial Bubbles—and Two-horned Cocks—
Who with a Thirſt unquenchable would ſwilk
Aurum potabile like Mother's Milk—
Would fly with WILKINS, and with DUBOURG ſwim;
Or dive with EDMUND HALLEY for a Whim—

Would

Would with a Chain of Arguments deduce
Clear Conſequences of no Sort of Uſe—
Change, like CARNEADES, the warm Diſpute
To ſtagger others and himſelf refute—
Doubt, if a Needle's Point were really ſeen
Without a Solar Microſcope between—
Jealous of Rivals if they chanc'd to ſhew
More Penetration than he would allow—
Hated e'en SMEATON, beſt of mortal Men!
Yet meanly courted whom he hated, when
Some Pow'r mechanical was miſapply'd
And aſk'd His Judgment to be rectify'd.

ARCHY! who, nurtur'd with Parental Care
By thee, kind WALPOLE, did thy Fortune Share—
Did quaff the Secrets of thine inmoſt Soul—
Did all thy Thoughts, Hopes, Wiſhes, Fears controul—
Truſted by Thee to gorge the greedy THANE;
And tell thy Cyphers in S**** ST******'* F***
For ſtrange! yet true! There is a Venal Tribe
Will ſerve nor King, nor GOD, without a Bribe.
Yet when Elections controverted ran
Full Tide againſt thee, and the Storm began,

ARCHY, bleſt ARCHY did his Veſſel trim,
And left his Patron or to ſink or ſwim.
Scarce, with thy faithful CHARLES, doth *Chelſea* greet
It's Benefactor in his calm Retreat;
When ARCHY comes, and all thy Sorrows charms—
Weeps o'er thy Fall, and folds thee in his Arms.
Thus fawning JUDAS did his Maſter kiſs!
(JUDAS and ARCHY quite alike in this)
Thus did the DEV'L our Grandmother deceive,
And damn Mankind through unſuſpicious EVE!

Or dares this DRANCES any Kindred claim
With one, would bluſh to lend the Wretch his Name?
TITIUS, who treats with equal Warmth and Zeal
Engliſh, *Scotch*, *Iriſh*, at his *Sunday* Meal—
Who (the ſix Days) employs his reſtleſs Quill
With TEMPLE's Elegance, and PETTY's Skill.
That cannot be—too firmly doth His Heart,
As MONCKTON's open, ſpurn a Villain's Part.

Or would he vainly tack himſelf to thee,
Brave ALEXANDER, and thy Couſin be?
None more unlike! for thou, a muckle Cheeld,
Didſt fight and bleed—not ſtab—in *Minden* Field.

Alas!

Alas! my Liege, ſhall ev'ry Churl enflame
Thy Bardling's Anger, and pervert his Aim?
A Truce to Rogues, to Cowards, and to Fools;
To grov'ling Flatt'rers, to Time-ſerving Tools—
Thy ſteddy Sailors, markt with many a Scar,
And the rude Buffets of ſucceſsful War;
They, with their dauntleſs Tars, attract his Sight;
And once for all (he truſts) will keep him right.

Thy ſleepleſs PALINURUS heads the Throng,
And three Cheers greet him as he ſtalks along.
Bold—daring WAGER, not to Fame unknown
When WILLIAM conquer'd, and while ANNA ſhone.

Warm STEWART, unconcern'd with Arm lopt off—
As Lightning fierce—as thine own Cannon Proof.

BALCHEN, defrauded at his ſetting Sun
Of Life's ſhort Comforts by his Proweſs won.
Him not Thy foſt'ring GREENWICH could protect—
Ah! why ſhall Kings comply when Fools direct?

WARREN, for ſound Integrity rever'd—
Lov'd for his Manners—for his Valour fear'd.

WATSON,

WATSON, whom Heav'n-protected HOLWELL ſaw
A Gem tranſparent and without a Flaw.
Too ſoon may ſad *Calcutta*'s Victims mourn
Their brave Protector in their Hope forlorn.

Courageous WEST, enrich'd with ev'ry Grace
That fires and dignifies the human Race.

Intrepid ANSON, Fortune's elder Son;
Who ſpred Thy Triumphs o'er the Torrid Zone.

BOSCAWEN, urg'd by Fame's reſiſtleſs Lure
To ſwell Thy Praiſes and his own enſure.

Theſe the rough Champions—Theſe the Heroes are
That rais'd *Britannia* to her Brazen Car;
When in the Van of all her Fleets—BUT ONE—
To twine new Wreaths ſhe led her Squadrons on!

Should wond'ring Ages aſk—"From whence could ſhine
In mortal Fabrics ſuch a Rage Divine?"
Say not, Detractors—"From the Fate of BYNG"—
R*****'* a living Proof 'twas no ſuch Thing.

What

What though the Laurels by the Father won,
For once had ſhelter'd an inglorious Son;
Would rapid HAWKE have chac'd, with leſs of Heat,
The Foe that durſt not his rough Summons meet?
Would CORNISH--HARDY--SAUNDERS--STOR--LOCKHART,
Have play'd a L******'* or a C******'* Part?
Would DENNIS e'er have hawl'd his Colours down,
Or ſtruck the BRITISH Flag to MONTBAZON?

Excuſe, brave K***** this uncourtly Touch—
Didſt thou not do too little—or too much?
When at their Bar you did the L**** requeſt
To give your Conſcience what it wanted—Reſt:
Did not the Queſtion, garbled by a P***,
Prove M********* much too hard for K***** there?
And might not (had they their Deſerts receiv'd)
OTHERS have ſwung, and BYNG have been repriev'd?

What viſionary Forms, my Muſe, are thoſe
Which, Arm in Arm, the long Proceſſion cloſe?
Can frantic CHURCHILL, with his Neck all bare—
With looſe Robes waving—with forbidding Air—
Can He and his ACHATES, too, be there?
Can He whom RUFFAN, gentle as a Lamb,
Did monthly by Bell, Book, and Candle damn—

Or He who (rather than give *Cent. per Cent.*
To ruthleſs *Mammonites* for Money lent—)
Choſe Durance vile—ſhall ſuch Exotics, fed
By Juſtice nectareous, rear their Laureate Head?

" Ceaſe, Mortal, ceaſe vain Queſtions, and attend
" To the ſhort Leſſons of Mankind's beſt Friend—"

"—There are, who (in their own Opinion firſt)
" Raſhly pronounce their Neighbours all accurſt—
" They ſhall be Laſt, while the ſpontaneous Door
" Will open to the Humble—Meek—and Poor—"

Bear with thy Bardling, ſhould he once again
Thy Counſel aſk—nor let him aſk in vain.
Say, ſhall he dare in Sycophantine Days,
CHURCHILL to grace with Panegyric Lays?

" The Riſque is certain—doubtful the Succeſs—
" The Honor little, and the Profit leſs:
" Yet, ſhould Poetic Juſtice fire thine Heart
" In ſpight of Frowns to act an honeſt Part;
" Be cautious whilſt his Talents you commend,
" And kindred Foibles with his Virtues blend:

" Then

" Then may the Draught, thus qualify'd, go down
" And chance to pleaſe the SAWNEYS of the Town"—

Thanks, Gracious Maid, my raptur'd Boſom burns
To ſing of CHURCHILL, and his LOYD by Turns.
CHURCHILL! with Bays immortal crown'd, and wove
By the Nine Siſters in th'*Aonian* Grove—
Bard! wondrous Bard! ſeiz'd of APOLLO's Lyre—
Of HORACE's fine Touch—of HOMER's Fire—
Urg'd with his JUVENAL's unbridled Rage,
And the keen Sallies of PETRONIUS' Page—
Curſt by Men Proſtitutes—by Females lov'd—
Sooth'd by Submiſſion, as by Frowns unmov'd—
In Friendſhip firm—in Honor unreprov'd—
CHURCHILL! unrivall'd—not exempt from Fault—
Unable to ſubdue the fierce Aſſault
Of luſtful CIRCE's faſcinating Bowl;
Noxious alike to Body and to Soul—
Impetuous! Headſtrong! Wrathful! oft diſpleas'd!
Soon in a Paſſion—but as ſoon appeas'd—
Fond of true Genius whereſoe'er it ſhone;
Yet too cenſorious where he fancy'd none—
Profuſely gen'rous of his little Store—
Without one ſordid Wiſh to make it more—

Severe

Severe through Prejudice—by Nature mild—
In Senſe, a Man—in Party-Matters, wild—
Long did he doze, within himſelf retir'd;
But once encourag'd, cheriſh'd, and admir'd,
Not the Sun (piercing with Meridian Rays
Thwart CANCER's Tropic) darts a fiercer Blaze,
Than this Portentous—this Cometic Man
Glow'd forth, Eccentric, when he once began!
Alas! that FAMINE, fraught with ATTIC Wit,
Should the DIVINE diſgrace that faſhion'd it!
But why—becauſe SEJANUS rears his Head
Like a rank Toadſtool in a —— Bed——
Why ſhall a learned gallant Race of Men,
Be rudely ſtigmatiz'd by any Pen?
Forbid it Heav'n! *Thames*—*Severn*—*Shannon*—*Tweed*—
When moſt redundant fructify the Meed—
And ſhall *Caſtalian* Springs with Poiſon teem?
Is *Helicon* the only bitter Stream?

AS PHILOMEL, bereav'd of all ſhe loves,
Thrils her ſad Accents through the ſolemn Groves;
And (liſtleſs to her callow Children's Cries)
Warbles a lamentable Dirge and dies.
Thus, hapleſs LOVD, didſt thou thy CHURCHILL mourn;
From thy riv'n Heart-ſtrings immaturely torn!

Thus

Thus didſt thou chant thy melancholy Lay!
Thus ſigh long Days and ſleepleſs Nights away!
Robb'd of thy warm—exhilarating Sun,
And thy Career, at his ſad Setting run;
Nor Thirſt for Fame; nor Parent, Siſter, Friend,
Could charm thy Sorrows or defer thine End!

Joy to your Souls, bleſt Pair! divinely bleſt!
Frail as your Brethren, and of Poets beſt—
There ſhall ye ſhine conſpicuouſly bright,
Where Dun hard-hearted never comes, nor Wight
Purſe-proud and harſh, but DUNNINGS in their Place,
Who plead for Mercy at the Throne of Grace.
There ſhall ye ſtrike your Golden Harps, and raiſe
Enraptur'd Anthems to JEHOVAH's Praiſe!
There, with re-echoing Choriſters, record
The Love ſtupendous of a dying LORD!

Should He, your RHAPSODIST, e'er wing his Way
To the bleſt Manſions of eternal Day;
Will ye a Worm, like him, vouchſafe to own;
Like you *entangled*, and with Sins weigh'd down?
Will ye, whoſe Hymns e'en SERAPHS flock to hear,
To his weak Symphonies incline an Ear?

Shall He preſume to neſtle thro' the Throng—
The WHITEHEADS—MASONS—AKENSIDES among—
The GREYS--SMARTS--ARMSTRONGS--PARAGONS in Song?
How would he caſt a piteous Look on all
Who daſht his ſanguine Hopes, or wiſh'd his Fall!
Who ſlander'd moſt, and moſt his Fame revil'd
When JUBA prais'd him, and PHILENUS ſmil'd!

By Theſe and Others, whom the Muſe ſhall ſing—
True to their Country, as to Thee their King—
By ſuch encircled; all Thy Doubts and Fears
Propound—unboſom Thy paternal Cares—
Interrogate—enquire into the Cauſe
Of E******'* Woes, and violated Laws.

And can *Britannia*'s loving Father deign
To hear their Wailings, when her Sons complain?
Can he vouchſafe (a Partner in their Grief)
To feel their Suff'rings, and ſuggeſt Relief?
He can!—Rejoice! ye kindred Realms, Rejoice!
And hearken to—or think you hear His Voice.—

" Why, when th' Almighty had Our Councils bleſt
" With Arms victorious through the Eaſt and Weſt—

" Had

" Had to Our Supplications lent an Ear,
" And taught e'en Savages Our Wrath to fear—
" Had humbled *France*—her trembling Coaſts annoy'd—
" Blockt up her Fleets—or taken—or deſtroy'd—
" Had drain'd her Coffers—forc'd her to create
" Loan upon Loan, and coin her hallow'd PLATE—
" Had brought the driv'ling ******** to bemoan
" His rich *Manillas* and *Havannah* gone—
" To cringe for Peace—his COMPACT to unſwear—
" (His FAM'LY COMPACT—ſtill his hidden Care)
" Why (by freſh Mercies upon Mercies ſhewn)
" When GOD had prov'd Our GR******'* Cauſe His own;
" Why did His wanton Pilots run a-ground,
" In Sight o'th' Harbor, nor vouchſafe to ſound?
" Why did His Chiefs, emphatically curſt,
" S*** His beſt Conqueſts to ſecure the worſt?
" Conqueſts! that Forty Million never bought—
" Conqueſts! for which Our Sons like Lions fought.

" Say, CHURCHILL;—for thou'rt lately *ſped* from thence
" Where *ſomething* worſe than Folly drives out Senſe—
" Was GU********—was M********* Reſtor'd
" By B******'* D*** and ST*********'* L***?"

" And

" And did They glut an hungry, foreign Crew
" For dictating inglorious Terms at *** — ?
" Did B—— match B—— againſt N********—
" This not more cool, than t'other is *Outré?*—
" Did ſome the Fiſh'ries meaſure by a Line
" Imaginary, and ſo intertwine
" Diſcordant Pow'rs, that no one could divide
" Their Bound'ries—floating with the Wind and Tide?"

" They did"—" And why?" " Left F***** ſhould want the Tar
" To man her Fleets when ſhe renews the War."

" She dares not yet provoke Us (Gon be prais'd)
" With Walls diſmantled, and Her D****** raz'd—"

" Diſmantled! raz'd! We have their Works repair'd
" At our Expence, and in the Labor ſhar'd—
" And when Commiſſioners ſhall upwards fly,
" Then ſhalt Thou hear—how D****** is, and why."

" Thanks then that *Cuba*'s dear-bought Iſle and Ports,
" Its *Moro-Caſtle*, and its boaſted Forts
" (By

" (By gallant Pococke and Our Keppels won,)
" Still bridle S**** and make her truckle down.
" Long may the tawny *Mexican* explore
" Her Mines of Silver, and of Golden Ore—
" Long let her gall an hapleſs World with Chains—
" Long ply the Drudge, while *Britain* reaps the Gains."

" Pardon, dread Monarch, ſhould I claim Thy Leave
" To diſabuſe Thee, whilſt I undeceive:
" For ſince Thy Soul was cleans'd from Dregs of Earth,
" And felt the Raptures of an Heav'nly Birth;
" Thou canſt nor weigh, nor yet minutely ſcan
" The dark Tranſactions of that Monſter, Man.
" Me, whom God rais'd through Merits of His Son,
" (Wretch that I was and only not undone)
" Me, ſince new Life's regenerative Streams
" Not yet have purify'd from earthly Dreams;
" I'll deſcant whilſt I may on Villany;
" As Richard on his own Deformity.

" Little alas! that's Good will *Albion* gain
" From all ſhe conquer'd, or from F***** or S****.
" Dank—darkſome—boggy Fl***** they yield;
" Undrain'd—unplough'd—untenanted—untill'd.

" A pathleſs Wild as Tranſport e'er beheld!
" Or ADAM from his Paradiſe expell'd!
" This precious Waſte the gen'rous Foes have granted;
" By Light'ning blaſted, and by Furies haunted!
" Go*** and SE****** we may (we're told)
" Bite with our Teeth— until we looſe our Hold.
" Saint J****'*—St. V*******'* ST. TO*****'* ours—
" St CA***** with all his ſtinking Furs—
" Saintling GR******—fell Traitors, ceaſe to ſmile!
" ALL PEOPLING FROM AN HALF-EXHAUSTED ISLE!"

" Ah! wretched *England*, and are Theſe thy Boaſt,
" For which One Hundred Thouſand Lives were loſt!
" Was it for This JEHOVAH rais'd THE MAN,
" Should act upon His own unerring Plan?
" Should, with HERCULEAN Might, Thy Stable cleanſe,
" And rouze the Beaſts, AUGEAS, from their Dens?

" Methinks I ſee *Britannia* ſadly mourn,
" Like the wan Widow o'er her *Shannon*'s Urn!
" Her daſtard Lions, *couchant* at her Feet,
" Hide from the Frowns which they're afraid to meet.
" Sunk now ſhe ſeems, abſorb'd in black Deſpair—
" With nought to hope—with ev'ry Thing to fear—

" Her

" Her Chiefs, like Weathercocks, to all Points whirl'd;
" The Taunt—the Ridicule of all the World—
" Her Fleets, or void of Powder or of Ball,
" By Chance unite to ſee *Minorca* fall—
" Now ſcalding Tears from her red Eye-Balls ſtart,
" Like SIGISMUNDA's at her TANCRED's Heart!
" At this dread Interval did PITT ariſe?—
" Fire in his Action—Terror in his Eyes—
" Did He new Life into her Sons infuſe,
" And teach them to extend their narrow Views?—
" Did *London* (ſtill with many a BARNARD bleſt)
" Pour forth its Millions at his ſole Requeſt?
" Did ſympathetic Funds or riſe or fall,
" As He weigh'd all Things, or was crampt in all?
" Did CITIZENS, undaunted, dare to tell
" Their thankful Sov'reign—PITT had ſerv'd him well?
" Did they approve His Stipend from the CROWN,
" Who (SCIPIO-like) had little of his own?
" Did crouding SENATORS their Heads unbare,
" And grace that PROGRESS which was meant his Snare?
" Did, whilſt He ſteer'd, her thund'ring Cannon ſhake
" The Realms of PLUTO—did old Ocean quake?
" Did (while the glad Sea drunk with Joy was ſeen)
" The proud Whales gambol underneath their Queen?

" Did

" Did proſtrate Monarchs hail her, once again,
" Sov'reign of Iſles, and Empreſs of the Main?

" By this Primæval—this untaxed Light—
" Than Sun-beams brighter to the dazzled Sight;
" It wounds my Soul to think, there are can find
" Spots in the Sun—as Meagrims in the Wind!
" Some who pretend, Ambition is the Source
" From whence His Principles derive their Force—
" Infatuate Fools! Ambition be it then—
" God-like Ambition! maugre CANTAR'S Pen—
" Others, who repreſent Him fond of Pelf—
" And others—inconſiſtent with himſelf.
" Can the ſame Fountain Sweet and Bitter yield—
" Can Golden Harveſts gild the Fallow-Field?
" Can Wit—can Honor—and can Truth engage
" The dull—vile—lying N******** of the Age?
" Then ſhall PITT think—and judge—and act amiſs—
" Then ceaſe to be the PATRIOT CHIEF He is!

" Doth He exclaim, with unremitted Rage,
" 'Gainſt the rank Crimes of a corrupted Age?
" DEMOSTHENES hath thunder'd in our Ears!—
" Hath fir'd our Souls, and triumph'd o'er our Fears!

" Doth

" Doth Juſtice wink? 'Tis then He is ſevere—
" Doth Pity move? He melts into a Tear!—
" A regular Attack would ſooner form
" Againſt a Fortreſs—than a CLOSET ſtorm!

" Might He and CAMDEN—Pillars of the State—
" Alike tremendous, and alike their Fate—
" Soar up celeſtial, e'er They reach the Tomb,
" Like rapt ELIJAH Seer in Things to come—
" Then might the GATH'RING STORM paſs o'er Thine Iſle—
" For what ſhall hurt it when they deign to ſmile?
" Roar Winds—rage Storms—Tempeſts on Tempeſts riſe;
" Ye foamy Mountains daſh the vaulted Skies—
" They—like embody'd EDISTON ſecure—
" Of Winds--Storms--Tempeſts--ſhall the Wreck endure!

" But ſee Thy boſom'd WILLIAM haſtes to bring
" New Tidings to His Father, and His King."—

WILLIAM.

CENSURE.

SO wel-founded are the Author's Apprehenſionss of having already cloyed his indulgent Readers—Firſt by a tedious Addreſs, and then by a more tedious Poem, that he will only beg their Patience for a few Moments until he hath (after the Manner of CORNEILLE) made an Examen of the latter, in Hopes of ſaving others the Trouble.

It is his Opinion then (but with Submiſſion to better Judges) that it is compoſed in a Style, which HORACE characterizeth by the Term of *Sermo pedeſtris:* and its more glaring Faults ſeem to be, that both the Proœmium and many other Paſſages glance at Times and Perſons which, happily for the Nation, have now no other Exiſtence but in the Memory of certain Wel-wiſhers to their Country. As the Poet himſelf can find no plauſible Excuſe for thoſe wanton Sallies, he moſt humbly ſolicits his diſcerning Friends to do it for him.

With reſpect to the Nature of his Poem, he hath endeavoured, as much as poſſible, to approve it an Original: having induſtriouſly avoided, of late, the refreſhing his Memory with the majeſtic Cadences of MILTON——the ſweet Flow of WALLER—the manly and harmonious Numbers of POPE—the inimitable ſatyric Vein of SWIFT—and the copious, nervous, and moſt excellent Compoſitions of CHURCHILL. As for the Uncouthneſs, and Mediocrity of his

his Verſification, (which Kind of Mediocrity, unhappily for him, the Deities themſelves have long ago pronounced intolerable) he leaves thoſe Topics to ſome future Diſcuſſion—only reminding the Reader, that many of the Lines which appear too proſaic for a Poem, coſt him the moſt Oil: ſo true is it what the *Roman* Satyriſt ſaith on another Occaſion.—

Ex noto fictum Carmen ſequar, ut ſibi quivis
Speret idem: ſudet multùm, fruſtràq; laboret
Auſus idem.——

De Arte Poetica, 240.

But, before the Author concludes this Examen, it is neceſſary to inform the Reader of a great Miſtake he hath made in Page the 25th, where the following Verſes are improperly applied to the late Lord HOWE—

" Say, waſt thou ſacrific'd in Manhood's Prime
" A guiltleſs Victim for another's Crime?
" For His, who dar'd adviſe to ſend thee o'er
" A plighted Hoſtage to a faithleſs Shore?

For not his Lordſhip, as he once thought, but the Lords SUSSEX and CATHCART were ſent, in Quality of Hoſtages, to *France* at the Treaty of *Aix-la-Chapelle*.

As for the Inaccuracies obſervable in the printing of this Poem, although ſome of them are material, yet they are not ſo numerous as might have been expected, conſidering that the Author's great Diſtance from the Preſs prevented his

his ſuperintending it regularly. After the Reader has turned BLYTH into BLIGH (Page the 24th), and liquidated *Juſtice* into *Juice* (Page the 34th); he has no other Favor to aſk, at preſent, either for himſelf or his Printer, but that he will candidly overlook, or amend thoſe Errors with his friendly Pen.

———*Quos aut Incuria fudit,*
Aut humana parum cavit Natura———

HOR.

The END of the FIRST BOOK.